MY COUNTRY'S VOICE

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

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Content to find where'er her flag shall wave
Thy glory or thy grave!

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BY

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

AUTHOR OF "AMERICA FIRST"

ILLUSTRATED

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THE AMERICAN CREED

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

WILLIAM TYLER PAGE.

TO THE YOUNG AMERICAN

Did you ever try to think just what we mean when we say that our country is the land of the "free?"

This morning you jumped out of bed and drew in deep, deep drafts of the sweet life-giving air which flows all about us. You did not think about the *air*, because you are so used to it. You did not, for one moment, remember that to it you owe that joyous impulse to run and shout—that strength to do your tasks well—which awoke with you.

The *freedom* which your country gives you is like the air, in that it surrounds you always. And because it surrounds you always, because your young spirit breathes deep of its life-sweetening, joy-giving draft at every moment, you forget that it is there.

This little book is to help you *remember*.

This morning you waked up in a home that is free—freer than the same home would be

in any other country in the whole round world. Every man twenty-one years of age in that home helps to make the laws which he must obey.

Every person there has the right to choose what trade or profession he will follow.

Each one there has the right to worship God according to his own conscience, and none is taxed by law to help support any church. What church he will support, if any, is left entirely with each.

Any person in that home of yours has the right to win for himself a position in the highest society in the land.

In other words, each person in your American home has the right, and is aided in obtaining the opportunity, to grow and develop to his highest; and if he fails to do this, it is because he himself has not worked and studied as he should.

And *you ?*

In your home this morning you were under no restraint whatever, except that which your loving parents threw about you for your own good. You took the freedom of the street as

you took its sunshine, and if the policeman watched, it was to see that you met with no harm.

You came to a school which is *free*—whose opportunities, the finest in the world, are offered equally to every child who comes. Before assigning you to a place with the others, the teacher did not take into consideration whether you were native-born, or whether you were of Russian, Greek, German, Italian, or any other foreign blood. She merely smiled you a welcome, and at once placed you on an equal footing with all those other little Americans in her school of wonderful opportunities.

Such, then, are some of the reasons why America is called "the land of the free."

Now, what are you going to give to your country in return for all the good gifts she has showered upon you? She asks of you one thing only—the making of one loyal, efficient citizen —the citizen *you* are capable of becoming.

The first step toward loyalty is *understanding*. America does not ask of her citizens a blind, unreasoning partisanship—she asks their

intelligent co-operation. Your first duty, then, is to understand America.

In this little volume an attempt has been made to show the growth of the American spirit from its first struggling awakening to the present time, by bringing together the best expressions of the faith that is hers. It will be one act of service to your country to give intelligent heed to what her wise and gifted men have to say.

A BIT OF HISTORY

In order to understand America, we must first understand the beginning of America. The United States was settled mainly by the English, and the history of our thirteen original colonies is properly but a chapter out of English history. The Colonists were merely Englishmen who, having been denied rights which other Englishmen enjoyed, moved on to find a larger freedom, the ideal of which, *they brought with them.* England, then, is "the mother of our faith, our law, our lore."

Virginia, the first New World settlement

made by the English, became the Great Adventure for fortune's younger sons. Wealth, power, happiness beckoned from the West, and the daring and ambitious Cavalier answered.

The history of the colony of Virginia is one chapter in the history of the American spirit. Virginia became the first battle-ground for civil liberty in the New World. Though a "royal colony," and subject to rulers appointed by the King, these first Americans made things interesting for their royal oppressors from the beginning. And one year before the Puritan *Mayflower* touched at Plymouth, their representatives met in the first law-making body in America—the Virginia House of Burgesses. From that moment, the fight for American liberty was on. And the right of these first Americans to make laws for themselves was never again yielded, not even to a jealously repentant king.

If the opening battle of the fight for civil liberty was waged on Virginia soil, the great struggle for religious freedom had its first and surest triumph in New England.

It is an old and beautiful story, how the persecuted Puritans of England fled to the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts for freedom to worship God according to their own consciences.

But the American spirit in the making was evidenced in the Puritans by characteristics other than their desire for religious freedom. They brought with them to the New World ideals of justice and equality and obedience to law. While at anchorage in Massachusetts Bay, and before their weary feet had yet touched the soil of their promised land, the Pilgrims on the little *Mayflower* drew up a constitution of government—the first of its kind in America.

In quaint phrases they set down the simple doctrine which they were afterward to seal with their blood:

"In ye name of God. Amen. We . . . doe by these presents solemnly & mutualy in ye presence of God, and one of another, convenant & combine our selves togeather into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute, and

frame such just & equall lawes . . . as shall be thought most meete & convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

But it was left to William Penn and his Quaker colony of Pennsylvania to furnish the ideal of a gentler, sweeter freedom. Untouched alike by the lordly pride of the Cavalier and the austerity of the rock-ribbed Puritan, William Penn greeted his "vassals and subjects" as friends, and assumed his rule over them as might have done an elder brother. His proclamation to them reads:

"My Friends: I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to lett you know, that it hath pleased God in his Providence to cast you within my Lott and Care. It is a business, that though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your chainge and the king's choice; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governour that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own makeing, and live a free,

and if you will, a sober, and industreous People. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, what ever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with—I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true Friend,

"Wm. Penn."

"The Historians' History of the World" thus describes Penn's "first grand treaty with the Indians":

"Under the shelter of the forest, now leafless by the frosts of Autumn, Penn proclaimed to the men of the Algonquin race the same simple message of peace and love. . . . The English and the Indian should respect the same moral law, should be alike secure in their pursuits and their possessions, and adjust every difference by a peaceful tribunal, composed of an equal number of men from each race.

'We meet'—such were the words of William Penn—'on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood.'

"The children of the forest were touched by the sacred doctrine, and renounced their guile and their revenge. They received the presents of Penn in sincerity; and with hearty friendship they gave the belt of Wampum. 'We will live,' said they, 'in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure.'

"This treaty of peace and friendship was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun and the river and the forest for witnesses. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence;

he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian."

Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania were three of thirteen English colonies in America, and were typical of all the rest. In each and every one the love of liberty became deeply rooted.

Yet it must not be claimed for America that she sprang into being, the champion of an ideal liberty. Those old Cavaliers, those old Puritans, those various others who came after, were not saints, but were men swayed at once by human virtues and human failings. Neither had they conceived of an ideal liberty. They made many mistakes as have their descendants. They stumbled, surely, but they stumbled toward the light!

Being Englishmen—though living on this side of the Atlantic—these Colonists came more and more to claim the rights enjoyed by other British subjects.

But Great Britain was at that time ruled by a king of foreign blood who was not in sympathy with the true British love of liberty, so

the Colonists were denied the rights for which they appealed. Worse followed, and still worse, colony after colony resisting—and then the storm of revolution broke.

Massachusetts defied the King.

The King despatched an army to compel Massachusetts to obedience.

The news flew. And though these colonies had no connection with each other, Patrick Henry of Virginia declared: "An attack on Massachusetts is an attack on Virginia!" In that declaration *the Union which was to be* found prophetic voice.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

BY JOHN PIERPONT

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
  Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
  Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

HENRY'S APPEAL TO VIRGINIA

In spite of the fact that Virginia had been first to resist the oppression of the King, she was slower than Massachusetts to spring to arms in revolution against him. It was while

she hesitated, that Patrick Henry made in the Virginia Convention this thrilling speech on behalf of putting that colony in a state of defense:

"Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

"Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have

been pleased to solace themselves and the house? . . .

"Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which Kings resort. . . .

"They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other.

"They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. . . .

"Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

"Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. . . .

"If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, . . . we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight.

Patrick Henry before the House of Burgesses

An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? . . .

"Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

"Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

"There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking

may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun.

"The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

ENGLISH DEFENSE OF THE COLONIES

We must not let Patrick Henry's fiery eloquence lead us to believe that all our kinsmen across the sea were willing to see the American Colonists deprived of their just rights as British subjects.

True, the King—of foreign blood, by the

way—was determined to exact from America all that Americans would yield, and many of his subjects followed his lead.

But some of the most influential men in the empire threw all their weight against the oppression of these Britons in America.

William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, caused himself to be borne from a bed of illness to Parliament in order to protest to the House of Lords against the existing injustice to the Colonists.

"This country," he said, "has no right to tax America." And again he declared that the cause of America was the cause of all men who were true Liberals in England. "The Colonists," he thundered, "are our compatriots. I trust that freemen in England do not desire to see three million Englishmen slaves in America!"

In the House of Commons also America had staunch friends. Edmund Burke, the brilliant orator, championed the cause of America with all his passionate Irish heart.

"In this character of the Americans," he declared, "a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the

whole. . . . This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth. . . . The people of the colonies, sir, are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonies emanated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles."

But in spite of Chatham and Burke and other supporters of the true British ideal of liberty, the King's influence prevailed; and it was not long before the oppressed Colonists rose in arms to fight for their rights as British subjects.

It must be remembered that when the American Revolution broke out, the Colonists were at first merely struggling to gain their just rights. And it was not until after the fighting began, that they conceived the idea of severing all connection between America and the mother country.

THE MINUTEMAN OF THE REVOLUTION

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

On Tuesday, April 18, 1775, Gage, the royal governor, who had decided to send a force to Concord to destroy the stores, picketed the roads from Boston into Middlesex, to prevent any report of the intended march from spreading into the country. But the very air was electric. In the tension of the popular mind, every sound and sight was significant. In the afternoon, one of the governor's grooms strolled into a stable where John Ballard was cleaning a horse. John Ballard was a Son of Liberty; and when the groom idly remarked in nervous English "about what would occur to-morrow," John's hand shook and, asking the groom to finish cleaning the horse, he ran to a friend, who carried the news straight to Paul Revere.

Gage thought that his secret had been kept, but Lord Percy, who had heard the people say on the Common that the troops would miss their aim, undeceived him. Gage instantly ordered that no one should leave the town.

But Doctor Warren was before him and, as the troops crossed the river, Paul Revere was rowing over the river farther down to Charlestown, having agreed with his friend, Robert Newman, to show lanterns from the belfry of the Old North Church:

"One, if by land, and two, if by sea,"

as a signal of the march of the British.

It was a brilliant April night. The winter had been unusually mild and the spring very forward. The hills were already green; the early grain waved in the fields, and the air was sweet with blossoming orchards. Under the cloudless moon the soldiers silently marched, and Paul Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went, spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols, who had been sent out to stop the news.

Stop the news! Already the village church-bells were beginning to ring the alarm as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed

The fight on Lexington Common

from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal-guns flashed and echoed. The watch-dogs barked; the cocks crew.

Stop the news! Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired. And as, long ago, the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore, wailing that great Pan was dead, but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, "Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born," so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and loyal heart to portend the passing glory of British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration, "Good will to men; America is born!"

There is a tradition that long before the troops reached Lexington an unknown horseman thundered at the door of Captain Joseph Robbins in Acton, waking every man and woman and the babe in the cradle, shouting that the regulars were marching to Concord and the rendezvous was the old North Bridge. Cap-

tain Robbins's son, a boy of ten years, heard the summons in the garret where he lay, and in a few minutes was on his father's old mare, a young Paul Revere, galloping along the road to rouse Captain Isaac Davis, who commanded the minutemen of Acton. The company assembled at his shop, formed, and marched a little way, when he halted them and returned a moment to his house. He said to his wife: "Take good care of the children," kissed her, turned to his men, gave the order to march, and saw his home no more. Such was the history of that night in how many homes!

The hearts of those men and women of Middlesex might break, but they could not waver. They had counted the cost. They knew what and whom they served; and, as the midnight summons came, they started up and answered:

"Here am I!"

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flames with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,

Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE CONCORD HYMN

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great philosopher and poet of New England, has preserved in verse the dramatic moment when the "embattled farmers" of Massachusetts fired the first shot of the Revolution. Stern for their rights, granite as New England, the patriots of Concord and Lexington took the first step in the struggle that made us a nation and raised on high those ideals of freedom and justice for which Americans have ever been willing to fight and die. The hymn was sung at the completion of the battle monument, April 19, 1836, on the sixty-first anniversary of the fight at Concord.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY JOHN HALL INGHAM

This was the man God gave us when the hour
Proclaimed the dawn of Liberty begun;
Who dared a deed, and died when it was done.
Patient in triumph, temperate in power—
Not striving like the Corsican to tower
To heaven, nor like great Philip's greater son
To win the world and weep for worlds unwon,
Or lose the star to revel in the flower.
The lives that serve the eternal verities
Alone do mould mankind.

WASHINGTON

BY HARRIET MONROE

Ah, hero of our younger race!
  Great builder of a temple new!
Ruler, who sought no lordly place!
  Warrior, who sheathed the sword he drew!
Lover of men, who saw afar
A world unmarred by want or war,
Who knew the path, and yet forbore
To tread, till all men should implore;
Who saw the light, and led the way
Where the gray world might greet the day;
  Father and leader, prophet sure,
  Whose will in vast works shall endure,
How shall we praise him on this day of days,
Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

LAFAYETTE—THE FRIEND OF AMERICA

No story out of romance, no legend of the heroic age is more inspiring than the history of Lafayette—the friend of America.

The Marquis de Lafayette was a nobleman of France, and was brought up in a time when

the titled classes of that country treated the common people not only as vassals and slaves, but as no better than mere beasts of burden. Lafayette was rich, powerful, and popular, and was the welcomed associate of the King and all his gay court.

But this darling of fortune one day heard the echo of a wondrous story from across the seas—the "peasants" in far-off America were fighting for liberty!

"Liberty!" What did a marquis of France know of "liberty"? Why, *Lafayette himself was free!* In the midst of all the cringing servility at the court, he had kept his mind free to do his own thinking, his heart free to love the highest.

Lafayette heard the call of liberty and answered.

You may well believe that the King and all the other high-and-mighty ones by whom the young marquis was surrounded did not share in his sympathy for liberty. Indeed, they promptly proceeded to block his way when he declared his purpose to go and fight with the Americans.

In the end, Lafayette had to steal out of France in disguise and set sail from a Spanish port in a vessel bought for the purpose with his own money.

He came! He helped us to conquer!

When Congress refused to commission the nineteen-year-old French boy an officer in the American army, Lafayette volunteered to serve as a private and at his own expense.

Then Congress, recognizing his sincerity, gave him his commission. At twenty years of age he was a major-general in the American army, and the right hand of the great commander-in-chief.

But the favored son of fortune was not seeking ease or safety. In the terrible winter at Valley Forge, he, like Washington, shared the suffering and hardships of the men.

In battle he was brilliant, sometimes flinging himself from his horse and rushing with drawn sword into the thickest of the fight. Wounded, he would fight on. He was fearless but adroit as a commander, and wise in council of war.

And it was chiefly due to him—who came to

the help of America when he had to run away to do it—that the government of France later sent over a considerable land force under the Count de Rochambeau, and a fleet of warships to aid in the struggle for American liberty.

The friendship which grew up and endured between the grave and reverend commander-in-chief of the American army and "that red-headed French boy" was one of the most beautiful incidents in our history. But it was more than an incident—it was the prophecy of a friendship between their two nations which was forever to compromise all threatened quarrels between them, and deepen with the years.

General Nathaniel Greene once wrote of Lafayette: "The marquis is determined to be in the way of danger." But the truth is that the marquis was determined to be in the way of *duty*.

I write "duty" advisedly. Of course, Lafayette owed no duty to America in the sense that Washington did. But he had caught the ideal of liberty for mankind, and to this his duty pointed.

We Americans love to remember that Lafayette went back to France, and there helped to establish—after the pattern of free America—the glorious Republic of France.

Vive la France!

SPIRIT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—LIBERTY—JUSTICE

The American Colonists, tired of the wrongs and hardships heaped upon them by the home government of Great Britain, decided that their colonies should be made free and independent states, and that these states when free should unite under a new government. Accordingly, on the *4th of July*, 1776, the Continental Congress adopted a ringing resolution—published a message to all the world—called the "Declaration of Independence." This declaration cut loose the young colonial governments from Great Britain and formed a new head government on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, named the United States of America. This explains why we celebrate the Glorious Fourth—it is the birthday of the United States.

The Declaration of Independence proclaimed the true creed of human rights, and gave a splendid statement of the reasons for government. In part it reads:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

Americans believe that the Maker created all men with equal rights to life, liberty, and happiness. When the Declaration of Independence said that "all men are created equal," it simply meant that they are created with the right to have equal chances in the protec-

tion of their lives, the exercise of their liberties, and the pursuit of happiness. And if all men are created with equal rights to liberty, then no man is born *to be controlled by* another, and no one is born with *the right to rule others.*

In discussing this phrase, "all men are created equal" as it is used in the Declaration of Independence, Abraham Lincoln gave this very definite explanation:

"I think the authors of that notable instrument intended to include *all* men, but they did not intend to declare all men equal *in all respects.* They did not mean to say all men were equal in color, size, intellect, moral developments, or social capacity. They defined with tolerable distinctness in what respects they did consider all men created equal—equal in 'certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This they said, and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, nor yet that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. In fact, they had no power to confer such a boon. They simply meant to

declare the right, so that enforcement of it might follow as fast as circumstances should permit!"

But the tyrannical King of Great Britain did not believe all men should have equal rights, and our wonderful Declaration goes on to say of him:

"The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

"He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

"He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance. . . .

"He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only. . . .

"He has dissolved Representative Houses

repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. . . .

"He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

"He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

"He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

"For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

"For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

"For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

"For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

"For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by jury:

"For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences. . . .

"For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

"For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

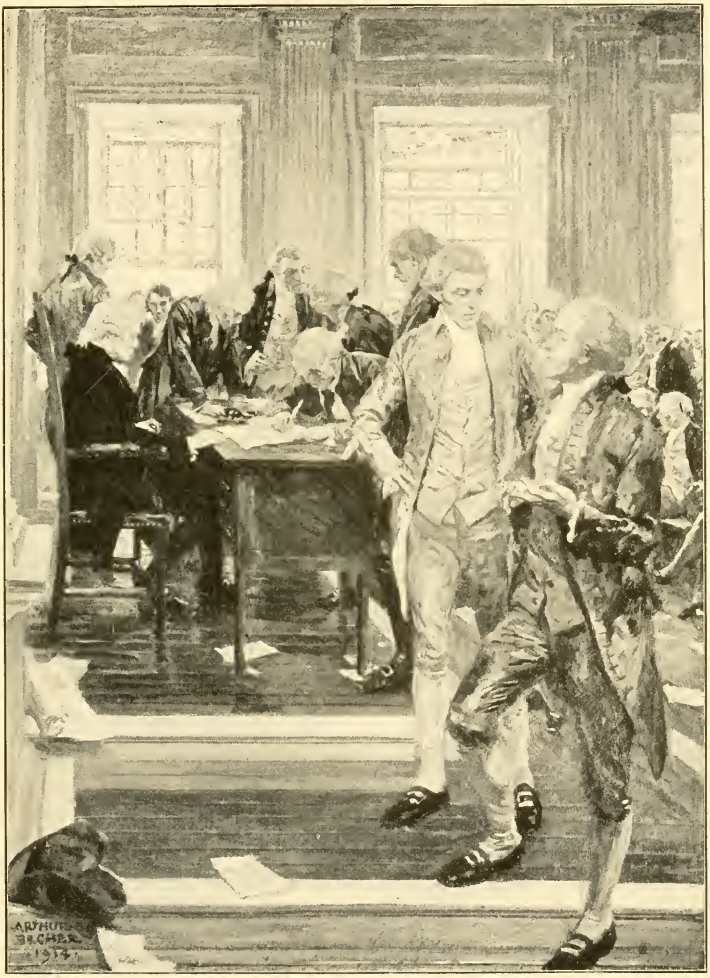
"He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging war against us.

"He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the Lives of our people.

"He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny. . . .

"In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. . . .

"We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge



The signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776,
at Philadelphia

of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent states, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor."

INDEPENDENCE BELL, JULY 4, 1776

There was a tumult in the city
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,

And the sweat stood on their temples
With their earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-house,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State-house,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide,
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway,

So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
Where his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news, to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State-house bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;

But the spirit it awakened
Still is living,—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

THE STORY OF A FLAG

As Mistress Betsy Ross sat at the little window of her upholstery shop in Philadelphia, one hundred and forty-two years ago, she saw three elegant gentlemen pass and repass on the street outside, and she was quite "flustered" when a gentle tap at the door informed her that they had stopped and were knocking for admittance. She rose, opened the door, and courtesied to General George Washington, Mr. Robert Morris, and Colonel George Ross.

The three had called to ask if she would make a flag for them.

Colonel Ross, her husband's uncle, knew that she had helped her husband make covers for fine furniture, and that since his death she had carried on the business by herself. So he nat-

urally thought that the capable little fingers of the capable little lady could fashion a pennant for the war-swept colonies.

General Washington had made several designs which he thought might be suitable, and these he now spread out before the eyes of the skilful seamstress.

Yes, she was sure that she could fashion a flag from the designs, but suggested several improvements—one of which was the use of five-pointed stars instead of the six-pointed ones in the General's designs.

The gentlemen agreed that this would be an improvement, but thought that the five-pointed star would be too difficult to cut. They were very much astonished and pleased, then, when the lady folded a slip of paper and, with one snip of the scissors, produced a five-pointed star.

Mistress Betsy was then commissioned to make a sample banner, and the one which she submitted was later adopted by Congress as the symbol of America.

This flag was the one on the field of which the stars were arranged in a circle. It floated

over the colonies in revolution, and led them to a glorious victory at Yorktown.

In 1795 Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union, and Congress decided to alter the flag in order to have the same number of stripes and the same number of stars as there were States. This made fifteen of each.

The flag remained thus till 1818, and was the "Star-Spangled Banner" which Francis Scott Key strained his aching eyes to see through that long night of battle.

By the time five new States were added, it was seen that if the number of stripes was to be increased with the increasing number of States, they would soon be too narrow to be discernible at a distance. By an act of Congress, then, the original thirteen stripes were returned to, and it was decided to add in future only a new star for each new State. Of course, the design of stars in a circle could not be adhered to, so they were arranged much as we have them now.

General Washington said of the design for the flag:

"We take the stars from heaven, the red

from the mother country . . . and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

TWO PLEDGES TO THE FLAG

I give my head and my heart to God and my country—one country, one language, one flag!

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

HOW TO TREAT THE FLAG

During times of peace, the flag is displayed on national holidays and on special occasions.

When our country is at war, however, it is proper to fly the flag every day, but it should be lowered at night, and should, as far as possible, be protected from bad weather.

The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

It should never be allowed to touch the ground while being hoisted or lowered.

"The flag should be saluted by all present while being hoisted or lowered, and when it is passing on parade or in review. The spectator should rise if sitting; halt if walking; and standing at 'attention,' salute with the right hand in all cases, except that a man in civilian dress and covered should uncover and hold the hat opposite the left shoulder with the right hand.

"Nothing should ever be placed upon or against the flag.

"Neither the flag nor a picture of it should be used for any advertising purposes whatsoever; nor as toys, fans, parasols, paper-napkins, sofa cushions; nor as a cover for a table, desk, or box; nor in any other debasing manner.

"It is unlawful to trample upon, mutilate, or otherwise treat the flag with insult or contempt; or to attach to it any inscription whatsoever."

Remember that the flag is the symbol of our liberties—that it has been rendered holy by the blood of heroes who gave their lives that it might wave.

Give it your heart.

THE FLAG GOES BY

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

ABOUT OUR CONSTITUTION—THE FOUNDATION OF OUR LAWS

After they had declared their independence of Great Britain, the American Colonies became real States, each State having a government of its own. And then, as we have already told you, the States, acting through a Congress, formed a "head" government and named it "the United States of America." This was done by a written agreement, called the "Articles of Confederation." This document was really the *first* constitution of the United States.

The *constitution* of a nation, as you may know, is the plan and rules of the government.

It was soon found that under the Articles of Confederation the head government and the several States were not working well together, as the members of any loving family ought to work. Some of the States were passing

laws that other States did not like, so, often, there were misunderstandings between them, and sometimes really hard feelings. In fact, in many ways it was being shown that the "United States" government was not strong enough—not well enough made—to be the government of a great people. Our country was *named* the "United" States, but the States were not well united, and the head government was not strong enough.

So, on September 17, 1787, our Congress, acting by the rule of "Try, try again," agreed to and signed another constitution for the United States. This new Constitution gave to our country what we Americans consider to be the best government in the world. With some wise changes called "amendments," the Constitution of 1787 is the one that we live under today. We think it the best, because it was made by the people, and can be changed by the people when they wish, and also because it stands for justice, peace, and the blessings of liberty. We think that as time goes by, the nations of earth will all come to have constitutions similar to ours.

The opening sentence of our great Constitution is in these words:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

These few lines give in a nutshell the great purposes which the people of this country—our forefathers—had in mind when they formed this government. Everything else in the Constitution was put there to carry out some one or other of these great prime objects.

The very first *object* stated in this new Constitution of the United States was, "to form a more perfect union."

The second was, to "establish justice." "Establish" means to make firm; and "justice" means fairness and rightness between men. Surely, that was a wise and noble purpose of government!

Still another great prime object stated in

the Constitution, was, to "insure domestic tranquillity." What does this clause mean? To make certain and sure that at home, among ourselves, the people of these United States shall have calm and peace, with justice and rightness established between men. It is very true that in 1861 our States fell apart into two groups, in a bitter quarrel, and fought a four years' war. But that war settled the two big questions of disagreement between the States—it settled the slave question by wiping out slavery forever, and it settled the "secession" question by deciding that all the people of these States are to remain under one head government.

One of the stated objects of the Constitution was, to "promote the general welfare;" so our government does many things for the betterment of the people. It carries the mails for us; it helps in the education of many; it keeps rivers and harbors clear and free for the passage of boats and ships; it forbids cheating and wickedness, protecting the law-abiding citizen, and punishing the wrong-doer. These, and many other things it does for the good of the people.

The last stated object in the Constitution was to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." We who live today, are some of the "posterity"—descendants—of those grand old patriots who, more than a hundred and thirty years ago, planned this government so that it would bring down to us also, the "blessings of liberty."

If they could love us and work for us a hundred and thirty years ago, then surely we should love and defend the good government they left to us!

AMERICA

BY SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;

My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE STORY OF A SONG

BY MAY HARRIS

It was during our second war with Great Britain—this time to defend American rights on the high seas—that our national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," was conceived and written.

On September 14, 1814, Francis Scott Key, a resident of Baltimore, went on board the flag-ship of the enemy fleet which lay at the mouth

of the Potomac. He went under a flag of truce, to request the liberation of a friend who had been arrested by the British on unjust suspicion of offense.

The British admiral received Mr. Key courteously, and promised that his friend should be released. But as the bombardment of Fort McHenry was about to begin, Mr. Key had to stay with the British under guard, till the fighting should be over.

It was a terrible experience that—remaining among the enemy while they attacked the defending American fort, and not being able to guess which way the battle was going.

Key stood on deck through the night, listening to the cannonading of the British, and to the answering guns of the American fort, and striving to see through the darkness if the beloved flag of his country floated unconquered still.

The firing ceased in the night, and the watcher on deck waited in impatient anxiety for the first light of day to show whether the flag flying over the fort was that of the enemy, or the Stars and Stripes.

Dawn came at last, and by its first gleams Mr. Key discerned through his glasses the welcome sight of the American flag unharmed and free. This moment of exultation brought its flash of inspiration. There was an old envelope in his pocket, and on the back of it, he wrote the stirring words which became, by the eager response in the hearts of thousands, the national anthem for America.

To quote Mr. Watterson's glowing words:

"Key's song was the very child of battle. It was rocked by cannon in the cradle of the deep. Its swaddling clothes were the Stars and Stripes its birth proclaimed. Its coming was heralded by shot and shell, and from its baptism of fire, a nation of freemen clasped it to its bosom. It was to be thenceforth and forever freedom's *Gloria in Excelsis*."

Mr. Key read the verses to some friends, and they insisted that this patriotic song of the flag should go to the public at once. It was printed and distributed, and by a fortunate chance, set to music while the enthusiasm of victory was at its height. Its reception was wonderful—worthy of the moment and of the

song. The people were held by the flash of the spirit of victory, the tribute to ideals, the faith to country, vibrating in the words that belong as vividly to-day, as then, to all Americans.

The winds of the world have fluttered our flag in distant places; it has led American soldiers to victory; it has been a defense and a symbol of faith for the living, a last cloak of dreams for the soldiers who have died to uphold it; and the song that commemorates it, has become one with it—to stir American hearts to the patriotism of deed and spirit, to love of home, of country, and of God.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust":
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL*

BY KATHERINE LEE BATES

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,

* From "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," by Katherine Lee Bates; published by the Crowell Company.

Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF DEMOCRACY

BY WOODROW WILSON

THERE is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes.

Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, sub-

scribes to no creed or caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind.

Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training.

No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

It is but natural that free and happy America should keenly sympathize with countries not so fortunate. So, when the Spanish colonies of Central and South America revolted

against the cruel oppression of Spain and—one after another—set up a democratic form of government fashioned after our own, the United States promptly acknowledged them as sister republics.

In her dismay at the loss of her colonies, Spain called upon other European Powers to help her regain them, and for a while it looked as if France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia would respond to her call.

This was a question of deep concern to the people of the United States.

Our President at that time was James Monroe, a very wise and able man. Monroe talked over the matter with Jefferson and Madison, and the three agreed that America—including both North and South America—should be made "safe for democracy" against the aggressive monarchies of Europe. In other words, that Spain and her like had to keep their hands off our young sister republics.

Accordingly, on December 2, 1823, the President sent to Congress a message which shortly became known the world over as "the Monroe Doctrine."

"We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

As Great Britain, the mistress of the seas, quietly added her moral support to the firm stand taken by the United States, Spain did not receive the help she invoked, and lost forever her South American possessions.

Nearly a century has passed since the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed to the world, but each year of that century our country has stood squarely upon its principles. Very recently a

splendid new statement of the doctrine was made by President Wilson. But we will talk of that later on.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

BY WALT WHITMAN

The pioneer spirit celebrated by Whitman in this poem is typical of America. The Cavaliers who pushed out to the larger hope offered by Virginia, were pioneers, as were the Puritans who sought religious freedom on the bleak shores of Massachusetts. And pioneer sons of Puritan and Cavalier, moving westward, step by step, conquered the far-stretching wilderness.

It must be understood that the pioneer is not in any sense a destroyer. He does not march for the mere love of adventure, but always to find a larger freedom. He does not pause in order to destroy, but to build to peace and civilization.

We cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep the mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, and the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd;
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult—I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in, they beat for us, with the western movement beat;
Holding single or together, steady moving, to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

A NATION OF PIONEERS*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In his admirable series of studies of twentieth-century problems Doctor Lyman Abbott has pointed out that we are a nation of pioneers; that the first colonists to our shores were pioneers, and that pioneers selected out from among the descendants of these early pioneers, mingled with others selected afresh from the Old World, pushed westward into the wilderness and laid the foundations for new commonwealths. They were men of hope and expectation, of enterprise and energy; for the men of dull content or more dull despair had no part in the great movement into and across the New World. Our country has been populated by pioneers; and, therefore, it has in it more energy, more enterprise, more expansive power than any other in the wide world.

You whom I am now addressing stand for the most part but one generation removed from these pioneers. You are typical Americans, for you have done the great, the characteristic,

*From an address delivered at Minneapolis, September 2, 1901.

the typical work of our American life. In making homes and carving out careers for yourselves and your children, you have built up this State; throughout our history the success of the home maker has been but another name for the upbuilding of the nation. The men who, with axe in the forest and pick in the mountains and plough on the prairies, pushed to completion the dominion of our people over the American wilderness have given the definite shape to our nation. They have shown the qualities of daring, endurance, and farsightedness, of eager desire for victory and stubborn refusal to accept defeat, which go to make up the essential manliness of the American character. Above all, they have recognized in practical form the fundamental law of success in American life—the law of worthy work, the law of high, resolute endeavor.

We have but little room among our people for the timid, the irresolute and the idle; and it is no less true that there is scant room in the world at large for the nation with mighty thews that dares not to be great.

Surely, in speaking to the sons of men who

actually did the rough and hard, and infinitely glorious, work of making the great Northwest what it now is, I need hardly insist upon the righteousness of this doctrine. In your own vigorous lives you show by every act how scant is your patience with those who do not see in the life of effort the life supremely worth living. Sometimes we hear those who do not work spoken of with envy. Surely, the wilfully idle need arouse in the breast of a healthy man no emotion stronger than that of contempt—at the outside no emotion stronger than angry contempt. The feeling of envy would have in it an admission of inferiority on our part, to which the men who know not the sterner joys of life are not entitled.

Poverty is a bitter thing, but it is not as bitter as the existence of restless vacuity and physical, moral, and intellectual flabbiness to which those doom themselves who elect to spend all their years in that vainest of all pursuits, the pursuit of mere pleasure as a sufficient end in itself.

The wilfully idle man has no place in a sane, healthy, and vigorous community. . . .

Infinitely the happiest man is he who has

toiled hard and successfully in his life-work. The work may be done in a thousand different ways; with the brain or the hands, in the study, the field, or the workshop; if it is honest work, honestly done and well worth doing, that is all we have a right to ask. Every father and mother here, if they are wise, will bring up their children not to shirk difficulties, but to meet and overcome them; not to strive after a life of ignoble ease, but to strive to do their duty, first to themselves and their families, and then to the whole State; and this duty must inevitably take the shape of work in some form or other. You, the sons of pioneers, if you are true to your ancestry, must make your lives as worthy as they made theirs. They sought for true success, and, therefore, they did not seek ease. They knew that success comes only to those who lead the life of endeavor.

It seems to me that the simple acceptance of this fundamental fact of American life, this acknowledgment that the law of work is the fundamental law of our being, will help us to start aright in facing not a few of the problems that confront us.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

BY THEODORE O'HARA

THE word "bivouac" means a camp for the night—for rest and sleep.

The following inspired poem describes the camping, for their last long sleep, of Kentucky soldiers killed in the war between the United States and Mexico.

At the outbreak of this war—over the southern boundary of Texas, you will remember—many gallant Kentuckians were among those who volunteered for the fight.

The poem refers specifically to the heroic slain of the battle of Buena Vista, where the small American army under General Zachary Taylor was outnumbered by the Mexicans, five to one.

When the greatly unequal forces faced each other, General Santa Anna summoned Taylor to surrender.

The answer came back: "General Taylor *never* surrenders!"

And he did not. Instead, he administered

such a terrible punishment to the Mexican hordes that the name of Zachary Taylor will be remembered there as long as Mexico endures.

But though the fight was won, many of our bravest and best were lost—among them, the young son of the Great Pacificator, Henry Clay. Young Clay fell far in advance of his command, pierced by a dozen swords.

Afterward Kentucky "claimed from War his richest spoil—the ashes of her brave." Her dead were brought back to bivouac for the last time on her "Dark and Bloody Ground." This was the inspiration of Theodore O'Hara's poem:

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, no screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past—
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"

Full many a norther's breath hath swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there.

Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

DISUNION AND WAR

THERE came a time when our beloved country went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death—when the States of the North and the States of the South fell apart over a different understanding of American principles, and fought a fierce and bloody war.

And so fierce and so bloody was that brothers' strife that the years were long before the people of the politically reunited sections could speak to each other frankly and calmly about the questions which had been at stake—for many men were still of many minds and the last liberty to be surrendered by the American is that of opinion.

As late as 1903, Cyrus Townsend Brady—a Northerner, but one married to a Southern woman—wrote:

"I close my eyes and see once more my father, as I saw him on that day nearly forty years ago . . . a tired, dusty figure in faded army blue.

"And I open them again and my glance

falls upon a daughter of the Carolinas, my wife.

"Her children and mine, typical of an united people, cluster about us. They look at me, some out of the blue eyes of the North, others from the brown ones of the South, and beg for a story—a world-wide, world-old appeal!

"Can I speak to them of that great war when State faced State and section met section in our beloved land? Can I tell the splendid story of men of valor and consecration who differed so radically that only in the shock of battle could they compose their differences? Can I tell these things, on the one hand, without being false to the principles for which my father fought, which are my own; and, on the other, without giving offense or bitterness to those I love, who were on the other side? Can I be entirely fair? Can I, can any one, to-day write of the Blue and the Gray so that they shall both approve?"

In other words, as late as 1903, Mr. Brady questioned whether the country was really re-united *at heart*. That the re-established political union of the two sections was enduringly strong, the writer could not have doubted. And

no man doubted then that South, as well as North, saw in the perpetuation of the Union the hand of God.

The fundamental issue on which that war was fought was the supremacy of States' rights, including the right of a State to secede from that Union which it had voluntarily entered.

The South believed in strong State governments with a Union of them for their mutual protection.

The North believed rather in one strong central government with the States subservient to it.

Both were sincere, and each believed firmly that *her* interpretation of the principles on which the American Union was founded was the *right* interpretation.

The clash came over the question of slavery.

The practice of holding negroes in slavery was at first sanctioned and practised by both North and South. Gradually, however, the South acquired most of the slaves as it was soon proven that they lived and worked much better in the southern climate.

It must be understood that the sentiment against human slavery was a matter of *growth*,

just as the sentiment against religious persecution, which included burning for witchcraft, was a matter of growth. All Americans tolerated slavery at first.

The people of the North, however, were the first to become generally aroused to the iniquity of the holding in bondage of one man by another, and they voluntarily set free their few remaining slaves.

New States were being admitted, and with the admission of each, South and North struggled for and against the extension of slavery into the new territory. The conflict of ideas became increasingly bitter.

South Carolina withdrew from the Union, and was followed quickly by ten other Southern States. These eleven seceding States entered a union of their own known as "the Confederate States of America," and placed their seat of government at Montgomery, Alabama.

The North, believing that the original Union of all the States should not be broken, and desiring passionately to perpetuate it as our forefathers had left it, determined to restore it at whatever cost.

Both sections rushed to arms.

The first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861.

For four long, bitter years, these two great sections of the American people wasted their superb strength against each other.

And not in song or in story is there to be found loftier devotion to principle, more splendid heroism in action, or finer chivalry of spirit in the last accounting than was displayed by both sides. This record they have left to us as a common American heritage—this with the immortal names of Grant, Lee, Lincoln, Jackson, Meade, and all the rest!

The South—by far the weaker section—was overcome. On April 9, 1865, the American hero, Lee, surrendered to the American hero, Grant, at Appomattox, and the great brothers' tragedy was brought to a close.

As a result, the Union was restored, and the curse of slavery was forever banished from our common country. In this, the year of our Lord 1918, it would be hard to find a man in the South who would change either of those two great facts if it were within his power to do so.

Twelve months ago the voice of our reunited country spoke, saying:

"The outposts of American liberty are one with the fighting-line in France. Go and defend!"

And in answer, our bravest and best of North and South are even now opposing their American breasts to the bayonets of the Huns.

TO SAVE THE UNION

THE great passion of Abraham Lincoln's heart was to save the Union, as will be shown by the following letter from him to Horace Greeley:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862.

"HONORABLE HORACE GREELEY.

"*Dear Sir:* I have just read yours of the 19th addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now

and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

"I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it

helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

"Yours,

"A. Lincoln."

LITTLE GIFFEN

BY FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

The following story of "Little Giffen" shows how great was the sacrifice which the South offered for the cause she loved and lost. Little Giffen was but one of the many thousand Southern boys who were called upon to play the part of *men* in the great brothers' war.

"Private" John Allen, of Mississippi—at the age of fourteen, one of the Confederacy's most valued spies—was another. Private John lived to serve the reunited nation in Congress, but Little Giffen, with many missing others, "did not write."

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.

Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Battle of Gettysburg—July 1, 2, and 3, 1863—marked the high tide of the war between the North and the South. When the battle was "lost and won," there were left dead on the field thirty-one thousand wearers of the Gray and twenty-three thousand in the Blue of the Union.

This was the greatest battle of the war,

and was contested with supreme courage on both sides. It proved an overwhelming victory for the North.

One hundred days after the battle—and while the struggle was yet at its fiercest, and no one knew what the end would be—a portion of the field was dedicated by the people of the North as a national cemetery.

Not the mind, but the heart, must conceive what that occasion meant to the anxious and bereaved who met there that day. It was a throng made up of the veterans of many battles, of widows and orphans of the dead on many fields, of countless others who had suffered and were suffering because of Gettysburg and all that had gone before.

Edward Everett, the most distinguished orator of the day, made the address of the occasion, and held his audience spellbound for three hours.

When he had finished, amid thunderous applause, there followed him the modest and diffident Lincoln who, in two hundred and seventy-two words, made one of the greatest speeches of all time.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased

devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABOUT THE BATTLE HYMN

BY MAY HARRIS

When the United States, once welded by the stern struggle of the Revolution, and the faith of its founders, into a national republic, was in the midst of the bitter strife of the Civil War, a time of indecisions, of shadowed faith, of terrible gloom spread over the people of the North. The outcome was not clear. President Lincoln was dispirited, and the discouragement of the moment infected the people. Patriotism was chilled, and recruiting became a tedious task. The two great bodies of the same people, brother against brother—foemen by circumstance and fate—were supporting their divisions of faith with equal endurance. If the tide of

battle turned for the Union, it must be soon, for the South was willing to pour out the last drop of her blood to win the fearful struggle.

The need was the nation's, and it was great. Each man and woman felt it, but it was a woman's strength of spirit and depth of soul that answered!

Julia Ward Howe, after a sleepless night in Washington, looking down the deserted avenues to the arching dome of the capitol, was touched by a magnificent inspiration and wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It came to her like a chant of invisible hosts marching to the rhythm of victory; the brave words thrill the hearts of those who read them to-day, and if they so move us now, what must they have meant then to the people of the North! They were new oil for the lamp of patriotism, a fresh mine of courage for worn and weary men, and strong winds of devotion to keep the Star-Spangled Banner floating and free.

In all literature there is nothing comparable to Mrs. Howe's magnificent hymn, except the song of Miriam—"By Egypt's baffled seas."

The response to its challenge was a wave

of patriotism from East to West. Volunteers answered its call by thousands, and marching veterans sang it to battle and to victory.

That war is over—the ghost of its grief and terror, buried in the hearts of a reunited people, whose hands once more are joined together in a union of will and of spirit; but the great hymn of the republic, written sixty years ago, is still a trumpet call to stir American hearts.

Julia Ward Howe was past fifty when she wrote the battle hymn, and she lived a beautifully rounded life to the age of ninety-one. No American woman—one might say, no woman in all the world—has left such a precious legacy as the author of those unforgetable lines.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel:
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

THE END OF THE BROTHERS' WAR *

History chooses humble scenes for her great events. This was so of the meeting of Grant and Lee which brought to an end the war between the States.

Appomattox Court House was a sleepy little village of but a single dusty street and the McLean house, a plain, low structure of brick, with a broad piazza.

Colonel Babcock on the morning of April 9, 1865, carried to Lee from Grant the last of a series of letters that had passed between the two generals to arrange a meeting. He found Lee near the Confederate picket-line half a mile beyond Appomattox Court House.

"He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket which had been spread over a few fence rails on the ground under an apple-tree, which was part of an orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the wide-spread report that the surrender occurred under an

* The quotations in this account of the surrender of Lee are taken from General Horace Porter's account in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published by the Century Company.

apple-tree. Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached on foot, Lee sat up, with his feet hanging over the roadside embankment. The wheels of the wagons in passing along the road had cut away the earth of this embankment, and left the roots of the tree projecting. Lee's feet were partly resting on these roots. One of his staff-officers came forward, took the despatch which Babcock handed him, and gave it to General Lee."

This letter told Lee that Grant was approaching, and Lee rode back into the village and selected the little brick house as the best place for a meeting.

In riding forward with a few officers to see Lee, Grant passed through General Sheridan's cavalry, which had cut the Confederates off from retreat, and from the high ground of Sheridan's position Grant saw the columns and wagon-trains of the Confederates in the valley below. As he passed Sheridan, Grant called out: "How are you, Sheridan?"

"First rate, thank you, how are you?" said Sheridan.

"Is Lee over there?" asked Grant, and he pointed up the village street.

"Yes, he's in that brick house," answered Sheridan.

"Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant, and he rode on with the several officers that were with him, mounted the broad steps, and entered the house. This was at half past one. The two generals and the officers gathered in a room furnished with a marble-topped table, a sofa, and a few chairs.

"The contrast between the two commanders was striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention as they sat ten feet apart facing each other. General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had had on a

pair of thread gloves, of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt 'sugar-loaf,' stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

"Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver-gray, and quite thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword that had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top-boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean, and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs, with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched

pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table."

General Grant began the conversation by saying: "I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere." "Yes," replied General Lee, "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature." After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said: "I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army." General Grant replied: "The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday; that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again until properly exchanged, and all arms,

ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property." Lee nodded an assent, and said: "Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed." General Grant then continued: "Yes, I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting, and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities and be the means of preventing any further loss of life."

General Lee then suggested that Grant put the terms into writing, and this he did in a brief paragraph which included the condition famous for its simple chivalry that "the surrender of war materials should not embrace the side-arms of the officers."

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it."

"There is one thing I would like to mention," Lee replied after a short pause. "The cavalrymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This

expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I would like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses?"

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," General Grant replied; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and said:

"No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made, and Grant said very promptly and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course, I did not know that any private soldiers owned their animals; but I think this will be the last battle of the war—I sincerely hope so—and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others, and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so

raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way: I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms. . . ."

"Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said: 'This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying and will do much toward conciliating our people.' "

After this the terms of surrender were copied in ink, matters of detail were discussed, and Grant's officers were presented to Lee. He received them with that quiet consideration and dignity of bearing which in itself always convinced those who saw him of his natural greatness and nobility.

"At a little before four o'clock General

Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. Lee signalled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond where his army lay—now an army of prisoners. He smote his hands together a number of times in an absent sort of a way; seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unconscious of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his revery, and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, and, moving toward him, saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully, and rode off to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

"General Grant and his staff then mounted and started for the headquarters camp, which, in the meantime, had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines, and the firing of salutes began at several points, but the general sent orders at once to have them stopped, and used these words in referring to the occurrence: 'The war is over . . . and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field.'"

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN

On the 14th of April, 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated by the half-crazed John Wilkes Booth. His death came as the last stroke of disaster to the South, for, as Henry Watterson, the distinguished publicist and editor, says:

"The direst blow that could have been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down. He

was the one friend we had at court when friends were most in need."

Every American heart must respond to the keen anguish expressed in these lines by "the good gray poet":

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up!—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

REPLEDGING THE SOUTH TO THE UNION

Robert E. Lee touched the pinnacle of greatness when, after defeat, he rallied the South to a new pledge of loyalty to the Union. This quoted letter from him is but one of many such addressed to the people whom he had led through the fire of war, and who were ready to follow him still along any path he should choose.

"Near Cartersville, Virginia,
"28th August, 1865.

"Honorable John Letcher, Lexington, Va.

"*My dear Sir:* I was much pleased to hear of your return to your home and to learn by your letter of the 2d of the kindness and con-

sideration with which you were treated during your arrest, and of the sympathy extended to you by your former congressional associates and friends in Washington. The conciliatory manner in which President Johnson spoke of the South must have been particularly agreeable to one who has the interest of its people so much at heart as yourself. I wish that spirit could become more general. It would go far to promote confidence and to calm feelings which have too long existed. The questions which were for years in dispute between the State and general governments, and which unhappily were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to recognize the fact.

"The interests of the State are, therefore, the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of

peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men who will devote their abilities to the interests of their country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavored to practise it myself. I am much obliged to you for the interest you have expressed in my acceptance of the presidency of Washington College. If I believed I could be of advantage to the youth of the country, I should not hesitate. I have stated to the committee of trustees the objections which exist in my opinion to my filling the position, and will yield to their judgment. Please present me to Mrs. Letcher and your children, and believe me,

'Most truly yours,

"R. E. Lee."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sunrays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;

In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

"OLD IRONSIDES"

"*Old Ironsides*" is our pet name for the historic frigate, *Constitution*. This vessel was one of the three first built for the American navy, and from the time of her launching in 1797 she played a dramatic part in the naval career of the young republic. The *Constitution* rendered important service against the Bar-

bary pirates, helping to sweep them from the paths of commerce. In the War of 1812, also, she sustained an heroic part.

The facts of this war—our second with Great Britain—seem strangely contradictory. To begin with, the war would never have been fought but for *our weakness on the seas.* We had no navy worthy of the name, and this fact invited aggression and insult. Our ships were seized in our own waters, and thousands of our sailors were taken by force and compelled to serve on British vessels. And yet, the big fact stands out that the War of 1812, was won by the Americans *upon the seas!*

The *Constitution* helped us to perform that seeming miracle. It was in her fight with the *Guerrière,* when her splendidly seasoned wooden hull turned off the shot of the enemy as might have done a plating of steel, that she won the name we love her by—"*Old Ironsides.*"

But in time the dear old ship wore out, as all ships must, whereupon the secretary of the navy proposed to have her taken to pieces. You may well believe that the people would not permit such a sacrilege. Oliver Wendell

Holmes voiced the indignation of the whole people when he wrote:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

LINCOLN—THE AMERICAN

The South Speaks

"It has been said that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these Colonies, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic, Abraham Lincoln.

"He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government, charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above

human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine."

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

"One thinks now that the world in which Abraham Lincoln lived might have dealt more gently by such a man. He was himself so gentle—so upright in nature and so broad of mind—so sunny and so tolerant in temper—so simple and so unaffected in bearing—a rude exterior covering an undaunted spirit, proving by his every act and word that

"'The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.'"

HENRY WATTERSON.

"One of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently

emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot."

WOODROW WILSON.

LEE—THE AMERICAN

THE NORTH SPEAKS

"FOR one I am willing to vote him the leading gentleman of his time. . . . Lee, whose towering fame, like a softly burning torch, will light the face of the Confederacy down the murky galleries of time. . . .

"Lee's attitude has never, it seems to me, had due recognition. Had he yielded to a sense of mortification over defeat, had he been ill-natured and revengeful, one word from him and the conflict would have degenerated into bloody and barbarous guerilla warfare. On the contrary, by his dignified, yet full and manly meeting of Grant on his high level of magnanimity and statesmanship, he rendered a great service to his country and generation."

GENERAL MORRIS SCHAFF.

"As a mere military man Washington himself cannot rank with the wonderful war-chief who for four years led the army of Northern Virginia. . . .

"Lee will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"He . . . had never failed in gentle courtesy to his officers, in boundless tenderness to his men, in humanity to all, and in word and deed had proved himself the rarest type of soldier and gentleman."

BACHE.

AMERICA FOR ME

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous places and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again,
America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there
I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond
the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the
flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in
the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in
her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's
great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place
like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions
drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing
fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and
ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature
has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

"A PRECEDENT"

I HAVE told you how, in the Monroe Doctrine, America informed the world that she would protect her young sister republics of the West from interference by foreign monarchs.

Now, turn back and read a further clause in that same Doctrine:

"With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere."

This policy advanced by President Monroe and sanctioned by the people of the United States in 1823, expressed the serious conviction of the people of America for three-quarters of a century. But policies, like nations, grow and develop.

The first definite expansion of our Monroe Doctrine was brought about by Spain's treatment of Cuba, her last colony in the New World. The people of Cuba for centuries suffered oppression at the hands of their mother country, Spain, and several times had risen in rebellion, but only to lose out and to have their chains tightened. During each such struggle, the free and happy people of our own United States were compelled to stand by and witness—with wrung hearts—the bitter treatment of the islanders, because we had said we would not interfere with the colony of a foreign Power. Besides, the overcautious urged, we lacked "a

precedent." In other words, it was not right for us to do what the makers of America had not done before us.

During the Cuban rebellion of 1894–1898, however, when the Spanish were not only devastating the island with fire and sword, but were penning up to starve the women and children of Cuba, we suddenly realized that we did not *need* a precedent to strike for God and humanity.

President McKinley of revered memory and the Congress of the United States had protested, but in vain. And we took a long step forward. We first recognized the independence of Cuba, and later declared war against Spain to help establish that independence.

Go back to your histories for the glorious record—Dewey at Manila, Schley at Santiago, Roosevelt and Joe Wheeler at San Juan, and Hobson on the *Merrimac*. Read how Americans behaved in that time of testing. And while you are reviewing, don't forget to read again of the gallantry of the Spanish Admiral Cervera. It is *American*, you know, to appreciate chivalry, though it be in a foe.

Your history will tell you that we won that war. Now don't forget—*don't ever forget*—that although—when the end of it came—we had a hold upon Cuba which we might have kept and strengthened, we did not enforce our government upon her. Our government labored in the island till it was redeemed from pestilence and disorder, and then withdrew our armies and left little Cuba free.

No, we did not have a precedent for freeing a brutally oppressed little people, but, God be praised, we did not need one!

FOR CUBA

BY ROBERT MOWRY BELL

No precedent, ye say,
To point the glorious way
Toward help for one downtrod in blood and tears?
Brothers, 'tis time there were!
We bare our swords for her,
And set a model for the coming years!
This act, to end her pain,
Without a hope of gain,

Its like on history's page where can ye read?
Humanity and God
Call us to paths untrod!
On, brothers, on! We follow not, but lead!

HIGH POINTS

I

In her dealings with the other nations of the world, big and little, the United States is establishing a reputation for generosity.

About the year 1900, the government of China became powerless to protect, not only Europeans and Americans, but those Chinese who had become Christians, from the "Boxers" —members of a Chinese secret society, who were robbing and murdering the people from the outside world. The United States, with other civilized nations, sent soldiers to China to aid that government in putting down the Boxers. China agreed, and gave bond to pay the United States about twenty-four and a half million dollars for our losses and expenses on account of the Boxers. Before payment,

however, our Congress passed a resolution reducing the amount to be collected from poor old China to about thirteen and a half million dollars, thus making that government *a present* of eleven million dollars "as an act of friendship."

II

In spite of the fact that he was called our "fighting President," the world has no greater advocate for the right sort of peace than Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt received the Nobel Peace Prize of 1906 in recognition of his effective work in the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War by the treaty of Portsmouth.

III

America has not always been guiltless of land covetousness; therefore, when the President, speaking before the Pan-American Union in 1913, pledged that never again would we seek land by conquest, we felt that we had absolved ourselves from an ancient sin.

"I want to take this occasion," said Mr.

Wilson, "to say that the United States *will never again seek one foot of territory by conquest.* She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable and fruitful use of the territory she has, and she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to the Latin-American states to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity."

IV

When the Panama Canal was finished, the United States made the very grave mistake of exempting American coastwise vessels from paying the toll which was required of all other craft.

England resented this, and held that it was a violation of her treaty with us.

Many Americans thought that there were two sides to the question, but President Wilson, appearing before Congress on March 5, 1914, said:

"I have come to ask you for the repeal of that provision of the Panama Canal Act of August 24, 1912, which exempts vessels engaged

in the coastwise trade of the United States from payment of tolls, and to urge upon you the justice, the wisdom, and the large policy of such a repeal with the utmost earnestness of which I am capable.

"We consented to the treaty, its language we accepted—and we are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined a reading the words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please. The large thing to do is the only thing that we can afford to do, a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood. We ought to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and for the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation."

The Act was repealed.

TRUE AMERICANISM

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

True Americanism is this:

To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God.

To believe that any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust.

To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers.

To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair play for all.

To believe, not in a forced equality of conditions and estates; but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges, and opportunities

To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes, and sections must be subordinated to the welfare of the commonwealth.

To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift.

To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.

To believe that a free state should offer an asylum to the oppressed, and an example of virtue, sobriety, and fair dealing to all nations.

To believe that for the existence and perpetuity of such a state a man should be willing to give his whole service, in property, in labor, and in life.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

BY HENRY W. GRADY

A FEW Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes, as, standing there, I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there centred—its Presidents, its Congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its sixty million of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course—this

majestic home of a republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty. I felt that if wisdom, and justice, and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested.

A few days later I visited a country home. It was just a modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingled with the aroma of garden and orchard, and the air was resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking. Inside the house was thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock.

Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's yoke; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself.

Near by stood his aged father, happy in

the heart and home of his son. As they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father.

As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared, with the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home.

Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd or, weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest.

And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring

wood; and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then knelt down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

As I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. I said, "Surely here—in the homes of the people is lodged the Ark of the Covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility."

The homes of the people: let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the republic.

HOME, SWEET HOME

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,

And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

AMERICA WAKES

Americans are by nature a happy, home-loving people. Apparently safe in their ocean isolation, they have gone about their pleasures and their business with little thought of world complications.

In the beginning they won liberty for themselves, and very shortly thereafter decreed that the liberty won by other American countries should not be interfered with from overseas. This done, they rested upon their laurels and thought to live happy ever after.

Then came the Great War, involving in a death-struggle with Germany nearly every European country including France, the friend of our liberties, and England, our motherland.

America hesitated, because she did not understand. She had said that she would stay out of European quarrels, and she had held to the doctrine.

America did not know at first that this war was to prove a death-struggle between Democracy and Despotism. If she had known *that*

at first as well as she knows it now, she would have realized instantly that it was *her* fight.

America was herself so kind, so just, so "honor-sure," that she could not conceive of the masters of Germany as lost to these great principles.

But the dark deeds of the Teutons began to strike us awake. The more they shocked us, the more we sympathized with their victims, and the clearer we saw mortal danger to the peaceable nations of earth, ourselves included.

Then came Germany's order to her to keep off the free seas, in her declaration of ruthless submarine warfare.

When, on April 6, 1917, America at last formally declared war, it was not on account of submarine ruthlessness alone, but on account of every sin of Germany's, from the lawless invasion of Belgium to that good day when America took her proper place on the side of world liberty.

GERMANY'S SINS AGAINST AMERICA

CONGRESSMAN LINTHICUM OF MARYLAND IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

As a reward for our neutrality what have we received at the hands of William II?

He has set the torch of the incendiary to our factories, our workshops, our ships, and our wharfs.

He has laid the bomb of the assassin in our munition-plants and the holds of our ships.

He has sought to corrupt our manhood with a selfish dream of peace when there is no peace.

He has wilfully butchered our citizens on the high seas.

He has destroyed our commerce.

He seeks to terrorize us with his devilish policy of frightfulness.

He has violated every canon of international decency and set at naught every solemn treaty and every precept of international law.

He has plunged the world into the maddest orgy of blood, rapine, and murder which history records.

He has intrigued against our peace at home and abroad.

He seeks to destroy our civilization. Patience is no longer a virtue, further endurance is cowardice, submission to Prussian demands is slavery.

THE WAR MESSAGE

When German aggression could no longer be borne, President Wilson went before Congress—April 2, 1917—and asked that body to declare that a state of war existed between the United States and the Imperial German Government.

Compare the principles laid down in this masterly paper with the principles announced in the great Monroe Doctrine. Monroe sought to protect the republics of both Americas from interference by monarchical European Powers. President Wilson announces that *the world* must be made safe for democracy!

Now pause and look back to the dim beginnings of American liberty among the burghers of Virginia, the Pilgrims of Plymouth, and the

friendly wild men who kept faith with William Penn.

By steadfastly setting her face toward the light of liberty—at first glimpsed dimly and from afar—America has ascended into the full radiance of the ideal of world freedom.

The President speaks to Congress :

"With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States. . .

"While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear and make very clear to all the world, what our motives and our objects are. . . . Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world

such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.

"We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering the war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers. . . .

"A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would, and render account to no one, would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free people can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end, and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own. . . .

"We are now about to accept the gage of battle with the natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. . . .

"The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible

and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

"But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. . . .

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

"God helping her, she can do no other."

OLD TIES RENEWED

Shortly after the United States declared war against Germany, England and France sent to this country some of their most distinguished men to confer with our own about the part America was to sustain in the struggle for world freedom. We all remember how enthusiastically Sir Arthur James Balfour of England and General Joffre and Minister Viviani of France were received by the American people.

Of course they had come to talk of war, and at many close councils they perfected their giant plans. But during their visit with us, these bearers of a mighty burden found time to renew old ties.

On the 29th of April, 1917, Balfour, on the part of England, and Joffre and Viviani, representing the land that is kin in spirit to our own, together with our own Secretary of State and others, made a pious pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington.

It was quietly enacted—that historic scene.

There was no display, no cold formality. The men in whose hands lay the destiny of world liberty, turned aside for a space, to do honor to the prophetic past.

In the still sunshine of a perfect spring day the little party landed at Mount Vernon, and made their way up the green slope together, as any less conspicuous pilgrims might have done.

Before the tomb of the First American they stood with bared heads, and offered simple but supreme tribute.

Minister Viviani, speaking for the nation without whose help Washington could not have achieved success, said:

"In this spot lies all that is mortal of a great hero. . . .

"In this spot meet the admiration of the whole world and the veneration of the American people. In this spot rise before us the glorious memories left by the soldiers of France led by Rochambeau and Lafayette.

"And I esteem it a supreme honor, as well as a satisfaction for my conscience, to be entitled to render this homage to our ancestors in the presence of my colleague and friend,

Mr. Balfour, who so nobly represents his great nation. By thus coming to lay here the respectful tribute of every English mind he shows, in this historic moment of communion which France has willed, what nations that live for liberty can do.

"When we contemplate in the distant past the luminous presence of Washington; in nearer times the majestic figure of Abraham Lincoln; when we respectfully salute President Wilson the worthy heir of these great memories, we at one glance measure the vast career of the American people.

"It is because the American people proclaimed and won the equality of all men, that the free American people at the hour marked by fate has been enabled with commanding force to carry its action beyond the seas.

"In the name of France, I salute the young army which will share our common glory.

"While paying this supreme tribute to the memory of Washington, I ask you before this tomb to bow in earnest meditation and all fervor of piety before all the soldiers of the allied nations who for nearly three years have been

fighting under different flags for the same ideal. . . .

"Their monument is in our hearts. Not the living alone greet us here; the ranks of the dead themselves rise to surround the soldiers of liberty.

"At this solemn hour in the history of the world, while saluting from this sacred mound the final victory of justice, I send to the republic of the United States the greetings of the French Republic."

When he had finished, there was no applause, no stir of any kind. Only, deep down in the hearts of the listeners there, a solemn repledging of friendship between the land of Washington and the land of Lafayette.

Sir Arthur James Balfour had been commissioned by the British Mission to America to lay a wreath upon the tomb of Washington. Do you catch the big meaning of that? England would decorate the grave of him who had led her thirteen American colonies in successful rebellion against her policies.

The simple explanation is this: Our mother England has long since *freed herself* from the

policies of rulers like George III, and to-day is one of the most democratic of nations. Englishmen of Sir Arthur Balfour's day love liberty much as did Chatham and Burke when they protested in the British Parliament against injustice to the American colonies.

When Mr. Balfour came forward to place the wreath, he stood for a moment, silent, and seemingly overcome by all that the situation meant to the people of the two great English-speaking countries. When at length he spoke, it was to say simply:

"M. Viviani has expressed in most eloquent words the feelings which grip us all here to-day. He has not only paid a fitting tribute to a great statesman, but he has brought our thoughts most vividly down to the present.

"There is no place in the world where a speech for the cause of liberty would be better placed than here at the tomb of Washington.

"But as that work has been so adequately done by a master of oratory, perhaps you will permit me to read a few words prepared by the British Mission for the wreath we are to to leave here to-day:

" 'Dedicated by the British Mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen and the country which his genius called into existence, fighting side by side to save mankind from subjection to a military despotism.' "

And America did not fail of a fitting answer. In the speeches of her own representatives there, and on the tongues of all her people, were expressions of deep gratification that the two great peoples of the same blood, the same language, the same ideals, should be brought together again in affection and in perfect understanding.

THE SHIP OF STATE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

. . . Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee!

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

When, in response to the President's appeal, Congress declared a state of war to be existing between the United States and Germany, many thousands were prompt to volun-

teer their services to the flag, and these were gladly accepted.

But our country—always democratic—quickly passed the Selective Draft Law. Where all classes rule, it is right that all classes should also serve.

Welcoming these new "Soldiers of Freedom" into the nation's service, the President wrote:

"The White House, Washington.

"*To the Soldiers of the National Army :*

"You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

"Let it be your pride, therefore, to show

all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

"My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!

"WOODROW WILSON."

A TOAST

BY GEORGE MORROW MAYO

HERE'S to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North advance!

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South advance!

And here's to the Blue and the Gray as one!
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag advance!

LOYALTY

THE most nobly tragic figure in our country to-day is the American of German blood whose deep consciousness of the right and the wrong involved compels him to take up arms against his Fatherland of tender memories and traditions.

Hear what some of them have to say:

"To America, which we, prompted by love and gratitude, have chosen as our new homeland, we owe everything which it may justly require from us as citizens. When conscience speaks, the heart must keep silent. . . .

" There is but one authority for us to go by in such cases—conscience combined with duty. Before these solemn and stern majesties we have to bow in absolute submission in the present crisis. Let us do it in gratitude toward America, which has welcomed us to its hospitable

shores and has given us opportunities such as the old country simply could not offer to most of us, and which has granted us golden liberty for everything noble and good, and which has showered an abundance of blessings upon us.

"With these convictions we Americans of German descent or birth shall stand by our flag whatever may come—with hands folded for intercession, but ready as well for sacrifices and, if need be, to fight, let us support our government and pray God to protect our beloved American homeland!"

A. G. Bucher.

"We Americans of foreign antecedents are here not by the accident of birth, but by our own free choice for better or for worse.

"We are your fellow citizens because you accepted our oath of allegiance as given in good faith, and because you have opened to us in generous trust the portals of American opportunity and freedom, and have admitted us to membership in the family of Americans, giving us equal rights in the great inheritance which has been created by the blood and the toil of

your ancestors, asking nothing from us in return but decent citizenship and adherence to those ideals and principles which are symbolized by the glorious flag of America."

Otto H. Kahn.

"Any other course than a declaration of war would make a weakling of this great nation.

"Our influence for good in the world would be destroyed, and future generations would be ashamed of the conduct of their fathers."

Judge Leo Rassieur.

"Politically, I am an American and nothing else; but I am proud to be a German. I would consider myself less than a man were I to forget the tremendous sacrifices made by the immigrant Germans in defense of their new Fatherland. Shall this blood have flowed in vain? Shall we now attack this America to which we gave all we had to give? This country is our country; our interests are its interests; here we are; here will our descendants be; here we shall stay. The Union, now and forever."

General Franz Sigel (in the Civil War).

"In the fires of the Civil War the North and the South were welded into one great union of States. If the fires of the present war will weld the many nationalities in our citizenship into one great cohesive union of nationalities, and burn away the adjectives of nationalism from 'American,' then will there be a national profit that will more than balance the terrible sacrifices we shall be required to make.

"Where do we, the sons of men like Franz Sigel and his companions in the struggle for liberty, stand? If we are to be true to them and the ideals for which they fought, we must stand to-day on the side of America and freedom against the German Government and autocracy. We shall not then fight against our blood kindred, but in the broader sense, we shall fight for them against a government not of their own creation. We shall secure for them the right of self-government, the right of a people and not of a Kaiser to find its place 'in the sun'—the sun of liberty and equality."

FRANZ SIGEL (the son).

"My emotions tell me one thing at this awful time, but my reason tells me another. As a

German by birth it is a horrible calamity that I may have to fight Germans. That is natural, is it not? But as an American by preference, I can see no other course open."

C. KOTZENABE.

"The present ruling class of Germany must be removed or at least be made impotent of doing any further mischief. When this is accomplished a great stride will have been made toward universal world peace. Under a new, liberal, free government, the German people will expand and blossom into a still greater nation, and all their energy and brain power will be expended in the channels of peace instead of war."

HANS RUSSAU.

THE NATION IN ARMS

ADAPTED FROM AN ADDRESS BY FRANKLIN K. LANE, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

WHY are we fighting Germany? The brief answer is that ours is a war of self-defense. We did not wish to fight Germany. She made the

attack upon us; not on our shores, but on our ships, our lives, our rights, our future.

This is a war to save America—to preserve self-respect, to justify our right to live as we have lived, not as some one else wishes us to live. For America is not the name of so much territory. It is a living spirit, born in travail, grown in the rough school of bitter experience, a living spirit which has purpose and pride, and conscience—knows why it wishes to live and to what end, knows why it comes to be respected of the world, and hopes to retain that respect by living on with the light of Lincoln's love of man as its Old and New Testament. It is more precious that this America should live than that we Americans should live.

We fight Germany——

Because of Belgium—invaded, outraged, enslaved, impoverished Belgium.

Because of France—invaded, desecrated France, a million of whose heroic sons have died to save the land of Lafayette. Glorious golden France, the preserver of the arts, the land of noble spirit—the first land to follow our lead into republican liberty.

Because of England—from whom came the laws, traditions, standards of life, and inherited love of liberty which we call Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Because of Russia—New Russia. She must not be overwhelmed now.

Because of other peoples, with their rising hope that the world may be freed from government by the soldier.

We are fighting Germany because she violated our confidence.

The nation that would do this thing proclaims the gospel that government has no conscience. And this doctrine cannot live, or else democracy must die. For the nations of the world must keep faith. There can be no living for us in the world where the state has no conscience, no reverence, for the things of the spirit, no respect for international law, no mercy for those who fall before its force.

We are fighting Germany because in this war feudalism is making its last stand against oncoming democracy. We see it now. This is a war against an old spirit, an ancient, outworn spirit. It is a war against feudalism—the

right of the castle on the hill to rule the village below. It is a war for democracy—the right of all to be their own masters. Let Germany be feudal if she will, but she must not spread her system over the world that has outgrown it.

We fight with the world for an honest world in which nations keep their word.